

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1825.

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THE OBSERVER

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POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE EYE.

If'er a spark of heavenly flame
Came down to man from worlds on high,
'Tis surely that which lives within,
And gives such lustre to the Eye.

The rays are bright which Sol emits
When sinking in the western sky,
But they are lifeless when compar'd
With those that glisten in the Eye.

There's not a passion of the soul,
Whether malignant, low or high,
Whose presence is not plainly told
By the expression of the Eye.

When Joy, with angel form, appears,
And Grief's dark train before her fly,
How soon her empire is reveal'd
By the quick sparkling of the Eye.

When sorrow strikes with heavy blow,
And sunders some endearing tie,
The gloomy feelings of the heart
Are written in the pensive Eye.

When earth's enchanting colors fade,
And nature breathes her latest sigh,
The last abode of lingering life
Is in the hollow, sunken Eye.

OITHONA.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Written on visiting the grave of a departed Sister.

I slowly passed the winding way,
Sometimes almost inclined to stay,
And not approach the silent place,
Where time her name can never erase.
Came to the spot where she was carried,
And beneath the sod was buried;
A mournful, and distressing thought,
While standing there her memory brought.
Just like the dew-drop of the morn,
She once was seen, but now is gone;
We mourn she disappeared so soon,
Her sun went down before 'twas noon.
O, S—y! should I speak to thee,
No answer would return to me;
A deathlike silence reigns profound,
No voice is heard from under ground.
There grew a flower upon her grave,
I picked with care, wishing to save;
The reason why, I freely tell,
Grew o'er the form, I loved so well.
Then took a solemn parting view,
And from the mournful place withdrew;
With sober and dejected mind,
That I must leave her far behind.
This debt of nature must be paid,
By the Almighty 'twas decreed,
And may we be prepared to meet
Our Saviour, at his mercy seat.
While here on earth, by grace proclaim
Through faith, the great Eternal's name;
His justice pure, his mercy tell,
Jehovah has done all things well.

S.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MY THREE-SCORE YEARS HAVE ALMOST FLED.

Time in his rapid flight is moving on;
My fleeting days on earth will soon be gone;
The evening shades of life are gathering round,
This body soon will slumber in the ground;
But I've a part, can never feel decay;
'Twill live immortal after life's short day.
Then let my soul engage my chiefest care,
And strive to mount where holy spirits are.

C.

EMMA MORETON.

FROM THE PHIL. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EMMA MORETON.

A WEST INDIA TALE.

The road of life lies through a wild and varied valley, which is called the vale of tears, (for many are shed by those who pass through it,) the commencement is often bright and sunshiny, but as the pilgrim advances, clouds and fogs darken his path, and the sun which shone so cheerily when he first started is hid, or only gleams through the darkness, at distant and uncertain intervals. Shadow rests over shadow, and the gloom deepens into darkness. It was but a few days after Edward Vivian's departure, that an awful guest entered the house, whose visits, however, fearful and unasked they may be, none can refuse—it was death. He was calmly met, and Mrs. M. beheld his dread approach without a shudder. She was not unprepared—religion had spread a shield before her heart, and the fears of death could not make it tremble. Emma saw the approaching dissolution of her only real friend on earth—her mother. All the instances of her parent's love; all the dear recollections of her earliest infancy crowded into one vast billow of grief. She pleaded in tears before the throne of heaven, that her mother might be permitted to remain on earth, to be the friend and adviser of the otherwise destitute and heart-broken Emma. But the decrees of God are as irrevocable as they are just—his voice had spoken it, and saints and angels were now waiting at the gates of heav-

en, to take into their friendly arms the bright spirit that was about to cast off its mortal covering. Emma saw the last lingering smile light up her mother's countenance, and felt the last sigh move with gentleness the ringlets of her forehead. Her heart experienced that unkindly blight, that most cruel of mortal deprivations—the loss of a beloved parent. A few hours before Mrs. M's death, she was endeavoring to administer consolation to Emma, who, bathed in tears, (which she made ineffectual efforts to conceal,) flitted around the bed like a beautiful and faithful shadow. "Emma," said the dying mother, "let not your grief for my departure be unreasonably violent; for by such conduct you will be ungrateful to our heavenly father, who, in his boundless love, is about to take to himself the soul of your mother. My life has been one of pain and trial, and but for my dear child, there is nothing on earth for which I wish to live. Surely you will not grieve that I have left a dark and sinful world to mingle with the saints of God in the pure light of heaven. My Emma will not repine that I am enjoying happiness." She paused. "I will not be ungrateful—I will not repine," sobbed the afflicted Emma—"but who is there on earth to love and counsel me? O! that I might pass from this world with my mother!" "God's will, not ours, be done," said Mrs. Moreton, raising her hands towards heaven: "Wait patiently the appointed time, and we shall hereafter meet in joy. You may have much to live for; and let not the lessons of piety and humility which I have endeavored to imprint on your mind be forgotten: when I am gone, they may serve as guides through your pilgrimage on earth." Thus did Mrs. M. strive with her ebbing strength to administer comfort and consolation; but the afflicted daughter's tears still flowed in silence. The blood will flow from a recent wound—the tears will gush from a wounded mind. Mrs. M's words were locked up in Emma's heart—they were the last, and were sacred. Mrs. M. spoke of Vivian and Mr. Moreton, and she conjured her daughter with her expiring breath, "never to desert her aged father." The death of Mrs. M. was felt severely by her husband, but the chastisements of heaven only rendered more pungent the effects of a naturally unkind disposition. Emma's heart was deeply stricken, and the sources of earthly joy seemed at once dried up. The human soul has its verdant plains, its wide spreading seas, its dark and trackless wilderness: its verdant plains, where the roses of hope vegetate and blossom; its wide seas, where the bark of thought glides o'er the unruffled tide of contentment; its trackless wilderness, where the mind wanders in the twilight gloom, and conjures up the dark and fearful phantoms of future ill.—For some time, Emma's mind was depressed by a melancholy gloom; but time, as he passes, sheds from his spreading wings a healing balm. A calm once more was settling on Emma's soul, but alas! it was not to last long.—When winter comes, storm succeeds storm. She had not once heard from Vivian, and she began to hope that he had reconciled himself to what seemed to be the decree of heaven. It was not so. He had received her letter, and read it with agony. The words were few, and written as though with the hand of indifference; but there were blisters on the page that denoted such an import—he saw them and knew that he was set dear to her. "What," said he, "shall all our walks, our conversations, our dearly cherished hopes, all the circumstances which served to bind our hearts, pass for naught? Shall two souls that loved each other with the best and purest affection, be torn asunder by the hands of an unfeeling and unnatural father? Never, never!" He rushed into the presence of his commanding officer to ask permission to visit St. Eustatia—it was for the present refused. Orders had been given that the regiment to which Vivian belonged should return to England next month, and therefore his presence was required until all arrangements for the embarkation of the troops were completed. This was an unexpected blow to Vivian, and all his remaining hopes were annihilated. "How could he hope that Emma would leave her parents now he was going to England? He was in despair. By some means Vivian learned the death of Mrs. M.—he grieved for the suffering Emma, but his hopes again sprang up; now Mrs. M. was dead, what was there to bind Emma to St. Eustatia? surely she would not sacrifice her happiness to gratify such a father? Thus hoped Edward Vivian. But hopes oftentimes grow up in the most scanty soil, only to wither in the noonday drought.—Early one morning, Vivian again entered the dwelling of the Moretons.—Emma was out—he knew her favorite walk, and soon beheld her standing on the cliff—he flew to her, and enfolded her in his arms. "Vivian, this is cruel; fate has sundered us, and this meeting is a needless aggravation of sorrow." Each word she spoke went through his heart. He told of his departure for England, and his hopes that she would accompany him as his wife. She listened with deep and agonized feelings. "No, Edward, this must not, cannot be. I would not leave my father in his old age." "But cannot we prevail on him to go with us?" "No, he will not leave Eustatia—he will never leave a lucrative business." What could Vivian say? He could not think of

relinquishing Emma whilst there was the least hope. He knelt at her feet and entreated that she would not blast his happiness. This was a sore trial for the virtuous girl; her tears rolled in torrents over her supplicating hands. In a low broken voice she said, "the last words of my departed mother were, never abandon your aged father." Vivian was dumb. He looked about like one who sees a torrent rushing round him, and finds nought to which he can cling. Emma beheld his ghastly look, whilst his stricken heart heaved tumultuously in his bosom. She could bear no more, and threw herself into his arms.—For a time, they stood transfixed in silent grief. "Let us go to your father," said Vivian, "and cast ourselves at his feet; if he possesses a heart, he will hear our supplications; he will pity the sighs and tears of his child." They went.—Bathed in tears, they knelt before him, but he was obdurate.—Strange as this may seem, of such hardness of heart, mankind are the daily witnesses.

The lofty spirit of Vivian began to rise.—He sprang from his suppliant posture.—"Art thou a man—a christian—a father, and canst thou still look with relentless eye upon thy kneeling daughter? What! not make one small sacrifice, if it promote the happiness of thy only child?" Mr. Moreton's eyes flashed with anger. "Young man, your words are vain: once more I say I will not give consent. Emma, leave this instant." He seized her arm with the intention of dragging her away. Vivian grasped her round the waist with one sinewy arm, and with the other drew his sword. "No, by heavens! we shall not be separated! she is not thy daughter! thou dost not love her! I do!" The father shrunk from his angry form, and called his slaves. Emma sobbed in grief and terror. "Emma, my boat is in readiness and if thou wilt consent, thou shalt be mine, though a legion of such unnatural fathers obstruct the path." With one arm he stretched out his threatening sword, and with the other supported the breathless Emma. His looks belied not his words: the hitherto mild and gentle youth now stood a powerful and determined man. He waited with supplicating eyes for Emma's answer. Trembling with emotion she said, "O, Vivian, I cannot, will not, disobey my dying mother—leave me to my sorrows, and in peace no more my father's anger." The sword dropped at his feet—he relaxed his hold on Emma. "Oh God!" he cried, "then we are doomed to part!" He clasped once more the fainting girl to his bosom—he gave one burning, one heart-rending kiss, and rushed to his boat. The poor Emma lay insensible for some minutes: but far too soon did she awaken to a knowledge of her misery. Her father was standing over her—she saw him, and shuddered involuntarily, as she thought of his cruelty; but that feeling soon subsided. Unkind as he had been, she yet loved him.—Though the tree be hollow and heartless, the ivy still will cling to it, and affectionately throw its long tendrils round the supporter of its youth. Often did Emma weep in secret the loss of her mother, and Vivian's wronged affections; but the thought that she had performed a sacred promise, came like a balmy breeze through her soul. Months passed, and the hurricane of her grief subsided, and a calm resignation succeeded. Two years elapsed without any occurrence of great interest. Emma lived in retirement. Mr. M's business prospered, but his eagerness for gain had not diminished by the accumulation of wealth. He toiled in vain, and died a poor man in despite of his avarice. By failures in Jamaica he sustained heavy losses, but the wreck of two of his vessels reduced him at once to poverty: and he whose heart had been callous to the kindlier feelings of love and affection, was now found vulnerable to the assaults of indigence. It was a death-blow. He lingered a few months of miserable existence, and dropped into the grave.

From the summit of a precipice which rises some hundreds of feet, the eye commands an extensive, beautiful prospect. From this lofty eminence, by one false step, a man might be precipitated into the lower town of St. Eustatia. The ceaseless roar of the surf is here heard as it chafes the narrow beach of sand and shells that stretches for some distance below the cliffs to the left. Numerous vessels may be seen in the bay: some proudly bearing into port, others spreading their gay canvasses to the favoring breeze that wafts them from the island, and many swimming in idleness round their anchors. Far over the sea the blue rocks of Laba spring like an airy castle from the glimmering horizon. On the summit which commands this extensive view, stands the white church of St. Eustatia. Although simple and unassuming in its form, yet from the peculiarity of its situation and color, it obtrudes itself upon the eye of the mariner for many leagues; and he might in the distance mistake it for a little white cloud flitting round the black crags of the mountainous country. The level church-yard is surrounded by a fence of sturdy Aloes, whose formidable leaves bid defiance to the hardy Goat, and their tall stems which rise from their centres, crowned with yellow blossoms, cast their long shadows over the simple grave-stones.

The last ray of the setting sun was yet lin-

gering on the church-steeple, and came as a farewell over the placid ocean; all other surrounding objects were resting in shadow—a brief twilight was thickening. That day there had been a funeral, and a few persons were yet loitering about the graves. As darkness came they disappeared, and the church-yard was left to its loneliness. The hum of the multitude had died away, and not a sound was heard but the mournful voice of the sea, as it came on the fitful breeze. But there was one being who yet looked upon the grave as a bed on which she trusted ere long to repose—the bed on which all whom she had loved and venerated were now resting. The earthly curtain was drawn over their faces, and the roof of their chamber would soon be covered with grass and with flowers. Who would have thought that the being who knelt by the fresh grave was earthly? Her long white arms and clasped hands were extended in all their loveliness towards heaven—her dark and shining locks brushed the fresh mould, and spread in unrestrained beauty over a pale face bedewed with tears, and bending in lowly meekness to the earth. It was a poor bereaved orphan—it was Emma Moreton.—She was like a delicate flower which has been thrown by the headless blast upon a rocky islet. The climate was rude & foreign to its nature, but the neighboring plants protected its infancy, but one by one they waned and were torn from its unshielded side, by the rushing wind, and it was now a lovely blossom that bends its humble and graceful head when the night breeze rushed by in rudeness. Emma rose from her lowly attitude, and felt that consolation which heaven in its love bestows upon its suppliant children. She left the church-yard and wandered unconscious whither. She was started from her reverie by the sound of voices. She found she was standing on the very spot where she and Vivian had had such an affecting interview—the channel of her thoughts instantly changed.—Where was Vivian? perhaps enjoying the blessings of friendship and love—perhaps engaged in the bloody strife that raged in Europe. Again the voices she had heard came on the breeze—there was a well remembered sound—she listened in breathless silence—it again struck her ear—it came from the sea—she heard the splash of oars. "O heavens! can it be Vivian?" She hurried down a friendly path, and stood trembling on the beach.—She strained her eyes anxiously in every direction, but no objects met them, save rocks and water. She listened with intensity, but no loved sound blessed her ear—the waves scarcely whispered on the pebbly shore, but she was ready to catch that whisper. She heard her own heart beating powerfully in her bosom. "O my father's heart, why dost thou throb so loudly? Why dost I suffer the workings of my imagination so cruelly to deceive me? Vivian breathes in other lands, and may never cast one thought on his once loved and happy, but now destitute Emma.—O, may happiness illumine his journey through life, and may he be blessed with a partner capable of loving him like Emma Moreton." "He shall! O, my Emma!" It was Vivian who spoke. His ear had heard her last words. She once more heard him whisper—she once more felt his constant heart beat in contact with her own. During his absence, he had been in battle and in danger. Peace came, and fortune. He left the army with his affections unchanged, and hurried over the Atlantic to bless the virtuous Orphan. If Mr. Moreton had yet been living, Vivian knew he would make no objection to their union now fortune was auspicious, and he felt contented to pass (if necessary) his days in St. Eustatia with his beloved Emma.

The moon was again gilding the mountain top with her silvery radiance.—"Behold, my love," said Vivian, "the witness of our happy meeting."

Thus, after numerous trials, were these devoted lovers restored to each other's embrace. If for a time fortune frowned inauspicious, it served only to enhance the bliss of their union, which at last was happily consummated. Many blissful years they lived to enjoy each other's society. And Emma Moreton, even in this world reaped the reward of her duty to a dying parent. ALPHIA.

A "YANKEE TRICK."—The following anecdote is strictly true; it is contained in a letter from a young gentleman who lately went out in a vessel from this port for St. Thomas.

"We were chased by a pirate off King's channel, on Sunday morning last, 13th March—the villain was close in under the land, in a small sloop, with about 25 men; when he discovered us we were nearly becalmed, he gave chase and came down on us very fast. I thought there was no chance of escape but by stratagem, and having on board a man whom I could metamorphose into any thing, I observed to Capt. — that we had better make a gun of Billy Lally, and give chase in our turn.—We accordingly set to work, put a black cap on Billy's head, stretched him fore and aft on the keel of the boat, with a rope made fast to his heels so that we could draw him on the centre of gravity freely—pointing his head to the enemy. Having rigged a 'long tom' the next thing was to fire it—and this we did by discharging a pistol into a barrel, and raising a smoke by throwing ashes into the air. The trick succeeded—the sloop tacked and made off; we hauled on a wind and pursued her close in under the land, then tacked ship and stood in for St. Thomas. Thus were 25 men driven by four."

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1825.

The Rev. MASSENA B. BALLOU of Boston, will preach in Norway Village on the next Sabbath.

COMMONS PORTER. It will be recollected by our readers, that this officer has been under the examination of a Court of Inquiry in relation to the Foxardo affair; which examination has resulted in the measure, to have a Court Martial appointed for the trial of charges which will be preferred against him. In the meantime Com. Porter has published a pamphlet of something like a hundred pages in defence of his conduct—and this before he knew the opinion of the Court. This looks a little like fear to say the least.

In this extraordinary dearth of news, we thought, that we could not occupy our columns better this week, nor make them more interesting to our readers, than to give the following account of the celebration of the Battle of Bunker-Hill. For the account as given below we are indebted to the Editor of the Salem Gazette:—

THE GREAT FESTIVAL. On Friday last, [17th inst.,] the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker-Hill, in Charlestown, was celebrated on that sacred spot, in a style of grandeur unprecedented in the annals of our country, and worthy of the great and illustrious event it was designed to commemorate.

The day was selected as the most suitable on many accounts, for laying the corner-stone of a Monument which is to be erected by an association formed for the purpose, to perpetuate the recollection of that eventful day, the 17th of June, 1775. This service was performed with the usual masonic ceremonies, by the Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, assisted by the members of the Grand Lodge, a great number of Knights Templars and Royal Arch Masons from all the New-England States, and many of the subordinate Chapters and Lodges of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter and Grand Lodge of this State.

Never before did our happy country witness a scene so noble, a festival so affecting and sublime, and in all human probability it never can again. The presence of many of the survivors of the battle it was particularly intended to commemorate, and many of those who participated in other and eventful scenes of the Revolution, and above all, the presence of LAFAYETTE, whose name is synonymous with valor and chivalry, whose life has been so eminently devoted to the cause of freedom and universal enfranchisement, and who was so intimately associated with our fathers in the glorious efforts which conducted them over the stormy sea of the revolution to liberty and glory—all conducted to render still more grand and imposing a scene already sublime by the recollections it awakened of an epoch when our gallant and heroic fathers spurned the thralldom with which their protectors would enslave them, and valiantly contended for the liberty wherewith their God had made them free.

To the splendor of this celebration we cannot do justice, and we shall therefore attempt nothing more than a simple mention of the interesting ceremonies as they took place, a memorial which we take much pride in placing upon our file.

The proceedings of the day commenced by forming a procession, according to notice previously given.—This procession was composed of—first, the remnant (or as much of it as it was possible to assemble) of the band who were engaged in the Battle of Bunker-Hill; these veterans, about 100 in number, as they were the first, so they were the most interesting part of the procession. They were conveyed in open carriages, and were distinguished by a badge, bearing the name of the place and date of the battle; and some of them were clad in the habiliments, and held the implements of war, in which they rushed to that fiery and fearful contest. What must have been the feelings of these heroes, these fortunate and venerable men, when contrasted with their feelings on that day of the month fifty years before? To use the language of the orator of the day, "the same sun shone upon them, and the same ocean rolled at their feet, it is true, but in other respects, how changed the scene!" No language can express the sensations which the spectacle produced in the thousands and tens of thousands who were met together to join in one common acclamation of veneration, of gratitude, and of joy.

Next followed nearly two hundred of the surviving officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army, who made a venerable appearance. The mingled feelings which the occasion was calculated to excite were discoverable in the deportment of these aged veterans, as they were triumphantly borne through the countless crowd of citizens who had come from every part of our country to behold their faces, and celebrate their glorious deeds. It was probably the first time since the revolution that many of these co-patriots had beheld each other's faces, and the first time that so many of them had united in gratitude and thanksgiving for the preservation of their lives to witness the happiness and prosperity of a country which, while yet in its infancy, they themselves assisted in rescuing from the grasp of oppression: it is the last time they can enjoy that happiness on earth: before another occasion can call them together most of them will be mouldering in the dust, and we shall know them no more: but their deeds shall speak for them. The members of the Bunker-Hill Monument Association followed the revolutionary worthies. They were in number nearly two thousand, marching six deep, and all wearing a distinguished badge. The members of the Association are those who have subscribed five dollars or more towards the erection of the Monument, that entitling them to a certificate of membership.

The Masonic Fraternity succeeded, arranged in the order which has been published. This part of the procession was unusually splendid, consisting of brethren of the fraternity from almost every State in the Union. Many of the subordinate Lodges attended bodies, each with a banner expressly for the occasion. Four Royal Arch Chapters of this State attended, as Chapters, with elegant and appropriate banners: among these were distributed equally a great number of companies of neighboring States, and those attached to no Chapter. Delegations of officers attended from the Grand Chapter of the other New-England States.—The Grand Chapter of Massachusetts was fully organized. The Grand Encampments of Knights Templars in New-England were represented in great numbers; and then followed the Grand Lodge of this State, which immediately conducted the ceremony of laying the foundation stone. All the Encampments, Chapters, and Lodges were appropriately clothed with the jewels and regalia of the different orders. The proper officers of the Grand Lodge bore the implements and vessels used in the ceremony of laying the foundations of edifices in ancient times. The Deputy Grand Master held a golden urn containing some relic of our departed brother WASHINGTON. The whole number of the fraternity in the procession has been variously computed at from two to three thousand. They formed a brilliant and an interesting portion of the spectacle.

The remainder of the procession was as follows:—Hon. Mr. Webster, President, and other officers of the B. H. M. Association.

The Rev. Dr. Kirkland, the Rev. Mr. Thaxter (a Revolutionary Chaplain) and the Rev. Mr. Walker, Chaplains of the day.

Directors and Committees of the Association. GENERAL LAFAYETTE

in a coach and four, accompanied by Lieutenant General LaLumand, of Philadelphia.

Mr. George Washington Lafayette, and the General's suite, in a carriage.

His Excellency the Governor.

The Hon. Council, Senate, and House of Representatives, accompanied by the Adjutant-General, Secretary, Treasurer, &c.

Governor Fenner, of R. Island.—Mr. Barbour, Secretary of War of the U. States, and others.

Delegations from various States.

Delegation from the Pilgrim Society in Plymouth.

Officers of the United States Navy and Army, and of the Militia, in uniform.

Citizens.

The procession, thus constituted, moved from the common, in Boston, about half past 10 o'clock, preceded by a grand military escort, and accompanied by two fine bands of music. The escort was composed of a corps of cavalry commanded by Lieut. Parker, and sixteen companies of Light Infantry, viz: six from Boston, commanded by Captains Tyler, Howe, Farrie, Prince, Lord, and Gardner; three from Salem, the Salem Light Infantry, under Capt. Joseph Cloutman, the Mechanic Light Infantry under Capt. David Pulsifer, and the Salem Independent Cadets under Capt. Benjamin F. Browne; two from Charlestown, commanded by Captains Jenkins and Varney; one from Concord, commanded by Capt. Jarvis; one from Roxbury, commanded by Capt. Spooner, one from Medford, by Capt. Symmes; one from Malden, the L. Infantry, Capt. Buck, and one from Cambridge by Capt. Willard. These formed two regiments, the first under Col. Thomas Hunting of Boston, and Lt. Col. Stratten of Watertown, and the second under Lt. Col. Stuart of Boston, Major Baker of Dorchester, and Major Dennis of Boston.

The procession passed through Park, Common, School, Washington, Union, Hanover, and Prince streets, over Charlestown Bridge, and thence through Maine, Green, and High streets, in Charlestown, to the site of the Monument.

The windows, balconies, and even the roofs of the houses and stores in the streets through which the procession passed, and the side-walks of the streets themselves, were crowded with admiring spectators of the grand parade.

The procession having arrived at the site of the Monument, the different parts of it were disposed of, in close columns, in the square that had been appropriated for the ceremonies of the occasion. The Grand Lodge immediately proceeded to lay the corner stone in ancient masonic form. A triumphal arch was erected over the spot where this solemn ceremony was performed, bearing this appropriate inscription:—"The arts pay homage to valor." All necessary preparations being made for laying the stone, the Grand Master applied the plumb, square and level, in their proper positions, and pronounced it to be "well formed, true and trusty." Gen. Lafayette, and Mr. Webster, the President of the Association, were requested to go through the same ceremony, which they did. The stone was then raised by an engine erected for the purpose, and the Grand Treasurer, by command of the Grand Master, placed in the cavity of the stone, a number of coins of the present age, and a silver plate bearing the following

INSCRIPTION.

On the XVII day of June, MDCCCLXXV, at the request of the Bunker-Hill Monument Association, the Most Worshipful JOHN ABBOT, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, in the presence of Gen. LAFAYETTE, laid this Corner Stone of a MONUMENT to testify the gratitude of the present generation to their Fathers, who on the 17th June, 1775, here fought in the cause of their country, and of free institutions, the memorable BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, and with their blood vindicated for their posterity the privileges and happiness this land has since enjoyed. Officers of the Bunker-Hill Monument Association: President, DANIEL WEBSTER; Vice-Presidents, Thomas H. Perkins, Joseph Story; Secretary, Edward Everett; Treasurer, Nathaniel P. Russell. [Here follow a list of 35 Directors.] Standing Committee for collecting Subscriptions: Henry A. S. Dearborn, John C. Warren, Edward Everett, George Blake and Samuel D. Harris. Committee on the form of the Monument: Alton Webster, J. Baldwin, G. Stuart, Washington Alston, and G. Ticknor.

President of the United States, John Quincy Adams. Gov. of Massachusetts, Levi Lincoln. Gov. of New-Hampshire, David L. Morrill. Gov. of Connecticut, Oliver Wolcott. Gov. of Vermont, C. P. Van Ness. Gov. of Rhode-Island, James Fenner. Gov. of Maine, Albion K. Parris. Alexander Parris, Architect.

A prayer was then made by the R. W. Bro. Allen, of Chelmsford, and the golden and silver vessels were successively presented to the Grand Master, who according to ancient usage, poured the corn, wine, and oil which they contained upon the stone.

The Grand Master having delivered over to the architect the various implements of architecture, entrusting him with the superintendence and direction of the work, the architect made the following reply:—

"Most Worshipful Grand Master—I receive from your hands these implements of science and labor, belonging to my craft and profession, with feelings of great personal diffidence, but still in the strongest confidence and faith that such is the triumphant spirit of the age, and such the numbers, ability, and power of those who have ordered the craftsmen to commence building, that the work will go bravely on, and the faithful staff to see you lay the Corner Stone, will live long enough to witness the dedication at the completion of the structure."

The ceremony was declared to be ended after a benediction had been pronounced by the Grand Chaplain, and the procession was again formed, which proceeded right in front, to the place prepared for the delivery of the oration, and the accompanying services. This was an extensive amphitheatre on the northern declivity of the hill, where an arched stage was erected at the bottom, and in front, seats for the accommodation of an audience of many thousands. On each side were rows of seats, covered by an awning of canvass, which were appropriated for ladies, and which would contain from two to three thousand. The seats were all filled, and the whole presented a grand, and overwhelming scene. The services here performed were according to the order of exercises as given below. The number of those seated, and who were probably enabled to hear the orator, has been computed at twenty thousand. The officiating clergymen were the venerable Joseph Thaxter, of Martha's Vineyard, who was Chaplain of Col. Prescott's regiment at the battle of Bunker-Hill, and the Rev. Mr. Walcott, of Charlestown. The former is now at the advanced age of eighty-five and yet retains great vigor of body and mind; his part of the services was performed with an activity and power which at once delighted and astonished the thousands of human faces before him. He was so overcome, however, by the sublimity of the occasion, the various recollections which it revived, and the exertion he had made, that

he was obliged to retire from the crowd before the services were ended; but when the arm of assistance was extended to him, he rejected it with a noble struggle and heroic pride. To those who were present an idea of the affecting reality of this scene cannot be expressed, but to those who were not, the following sketch from the Boston Courier is as good as can be afforded:—

"When the venerable Thaxter came forward to offer up his prayer, the multitude was in an instant hushed to the profoundest silence. A more interesting object can hardly be imagined, than a man at the age of ninety, having out lived his generation—his silver locks flowing down his shoulders—his face exhibiting the furrows of age, yet glowing with animation and apparent health—his voice, though a little tremulous, yet strong and susceptible of considerable modulation—his articulation perfect and distinct.—Such a man was Joseph Thaxter. He was a chaplain in the regiment of Col. Prescott, and was on Bunker-Hill, acting in that capacity, during the battle; not only calling upon the God of battles to protect and save his countrymen, but calling also on his countrymen to defend themselves, their altars, and their homes, and assuring them that those who would be free, must strike the blow themselves, and, under Providence, work out the conquest by their own right arms. As this reverend patriarch approached the front of the stage and raised his dry and almost fleshless hands in thankfulness and intercession, he seemed like a connecting link between 'corruptible and incorruptible'—his uplifted eye reflecting the light of immortality, and the undulations of his bosom indicating the flutterings of a spirit that panted to meet the embrace of his Maker."

Of Mr. Webster's oration we shall not attempt to speak, for we cannot speak of it as it deserves. It is enough to say that it sustained the high reputation of the orator, and was in all respects worthy of the great occasion. It will doubtless soon be printed, and all will have an opportunity to read it for themselves—his address to the survivors of the battle and to the worthies of the revolution, who were seated before him was affecting and beautiful: his recurrence to the services, to the whole life, and to the presence of LAFAYETTE, was so powerful and pathetic, that the stoutest heart could not check the overflow of the feelings it called forth: and his high-wrought, and perhaps extravagant, eulogy of the character of the brave and lamented WARREN, was received with enthusiastic bursts of approbation.

The services on Bunker-Hill were as follows:—

INTRODUCTORY PRAYER, BY REV. JOSEPH THAXTER, Chaplain of Col. Prescott's regiment, 17 June, 1775.

FIRST HYMN, BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT. Tune—"Old Hundred."

O, is not this a holy spot!
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth—
God of our Fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Sinai's side:
The robber roams o'er Sinai now;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on this hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust: 'tis holy ground:
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as you waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame:
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

ADDRESS, BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

SECOND HYMN, BY REV. JAMES FLINT. Tune—"St. Martin's."

O Glorious day! that saw the array
Of freedom in their might,
When here they stood, unused to blood,
Yet dared th' unequal fight.

The sons are met to own the debt
Due to their fathers' fame;
And here they place the column's base
To bear their deathless name.

'Tis not that here the victor's cheer
Rung o'er the falling foe,—
That earth here drank of many a rank
Th' lie-blood's gushing flow!

The pledge here given to earth and heaven,
Freemen to live or die—
This gives their fame its sacred claim
To immortality.

To God, who willed a State to build,
Based on the rights of man,
Glory we give, who this day live
To hail th' accomplished plan.

CONCLUDING PRAYER, BY REV. JAMES WALKER.

ODE, Tune—"Ye Mariners of England."

Why hangs the sword unhoisted?
Why sleeps the weary gun,
And why your eagle fold his wings,
As if death's work were done?

It is, that on this sacred hill
Your gallant fathers bled,
And your shore
Never more

Shall bear the hostile tread;
Then treasure till life's latest hour
The memory of the dead.

They knew the hour of slavery
Brings ages of despair,
And they cast away the servile chain
For willing slaves to bear:

Too proud were they to bend the knee
'Till life's last power was fled;
Then they gave
To the grave

Both the young and hoary head;
Oh! treasure till life's latest hour
The memory of the dead.

Oh! that these sons of glory
From every grave would start
To welcome now the Nation's Friend,
The dear to every heart,

The Pilgrim to their sainted tomb
By high devotion led,
To declare
And to share

The hours of the dead;
To treasure till life's last hour
The memory of the dead.
The day went down that evening
In glory and in tears;

But lasting honor crown'd them now
Through all departing years;
And, now the star of glory burns
Where once those tears were shed.
Let us raise
Songs of praise,
In memory of the dead,
And treasure till life's latest hour,
The memory of the dead.

BENEDICTION, BY THE REV. MR. THAXTER.

THE DINNER.

The Guests and Subscribers to the dinner, were then escorted to Bunker-Hill; where an edifice, covering 38,400 square feet of ground, had been erected, and in which at twelve tables, running its entire length, 400 ft. 4000 plates were laid, which were all occupied. A spacious gallery contained an excellent band of music; and the following toasts, interspersed with songs, and martial airs were announced by Col. JAQUES, amidst the most deafening bursts of applause.—The scene defies description; and as much order prevailed, as was compatible with the festivity of the occasion and the magnitude of the company.

TOASTS.

1st. The 17th of June, 1775.—The marble may moulder; but while a heart beats in an American's bosom, there will be a tablet from which the record of that day's glory shall never be effaced.

ODE.—By RUFUS DAVES, Esq.

LET Freedom's banner swell with patriot pride!
While Glory's iron heralds proclaim along the shore
The Day! when Albion crimson'd Charles' tide,
And Bunker shook beneath the battle's roar:

Flow majestic the Spirit, that rode upon her thunder,
Whose bolts, indignant, broke Oppression's chains
Asunder?

When first your yeoman band,
The bulwark of the land,
Like monarch oaks, withstood
The dark, contending flood,
And bought with blood a freeman's rights, our heri-

tage to be.
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
Our Genius gave the mandate, declaring we
were free!
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
And Independence sealed the high decree.

Arise! Arise! ye patriot spirits, rise!
And hail the glorious morn, when your star of freedom
rose;
When Bunker hurled her lightning, like the
skies,
And poured a flaming torrent on her foes;
When our gallant sires, their dearest birthright shield-

ed,
And wrote our Magna Charta in the sacred blood they
yielded!
Whose monument shall stand
In Alpine glory grand;
Where our mountain-bird shall soar,
When around the tempests roar,
Their lifted pile's gigantic strength exultingly to see.
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

Should hostile legions darken round the land,
Your rock-encompassed shore presuming to invade;
'Thy towering temple, Liberty! would stand,
To blast thy fell oppressors with its shade:
In grandeur unrivalled, thy pillar dome ascending,
Shall strengthen on, from age to age our fathers'

fame extending;
While round thee fanes decay,
Exempt from ruin's sway,
Thy stately front sublime,
Shall stand the proof of time,
And, midst its beating storms, secure, unshaken ever
be;
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

Arise! Arise! ye patriot spirits, rise!
Our jubilee of Glory demands a nation's song;
'Triumphant music wake, with glad surprise,
Till Echo every rapturous strain prolong;
Let the clarion of Fame, from shore to shore be sound-

ed;
And lo! Peans ring, through heaven's high arch un-
bounded;
Let the trumpet proudly swell;
Wake, wake the inspiring shell!
While the rosy cup goes round,
With ruby nectar crown'd,
And we drink to them, who nursed with blood our
drooping freedom tree!
Huzza! Huzza! &c. &c. &c.

2d. The Militia.—What more than to name the
spot whereon we stand, to proclaim its character to
the world.
Tune—"Yankee Doodle."

3d. The Committee of Safety.—The early guardians
of our nation's rights; fearless, as faithful in the ex-
ecution of their trust.
Tune—"Rise Columbia."

4th. The Martyrs of Bunker-Hill Battle.—We in-
hale the air they breathed; we tread the ground
they trod; we surround the altar where their lives
were offered; we swear devotion to their cause!—
(drank standing.)

ODE.—By THOMAS WELLS, Esq.

Ye Shades of martyr'd heroes,
Who rallied here in fight;
Whose hearts of oak the onset braved
That shook old Bunker's height;

Who, with your WARREN, proved yourselves
The Spartans of the field;—
Here ye stood—here your blood
Freedom's sacred charter sealed;

Here to Liberty your pledge ye gave,
And the sacred charter sealed.

Where Britain launched her lightning,
On Havoc's wing that swept;
There, reckless of the fray, ye still
The van of danger kept!—

Unawed by tyrant power, ye then
Your lusty sinews steel'd
In the might—of your right,
When ye Freedom's charter sealed;

When submission proudly ye swore,
And the sacred charter sealed.

Ye brave, in death triumphant!
In Glory's rest that sleep;
Your country shall your ashes guard,
Her watch around you keep!—

Your Spirits here that walk abroad,
Have not unheeded appealed
From the sod—where ye trod,
And the sacred charter sealed;

Where ye gathered with your hardy few,
And the sacred charter sealed.

Here fond Remembrance lingers,
On your renown to dwell;
And Gratitude decrees the Pile
Where ye devot'd a fell!—

Where, prodigal of life, ye met
Your heritage to shield;
Be the spot—ne'er forgot
Where ye Freedom's charter sealed,

Where the earnest to be free ye gave,
And the sacred charter sealed.

Behold!—our Nation's Champion,
Who shared with us the fight;
Behold!—he comes your shrine to bless,
To mingle with the right!—

In peril's hour the righteous sword,
Who dared for us to wield,
When we broke Thralldom's yoke,
And our Independence sealed:
When to arms each hill and valley rung,
And the noble cause was sealed.

Your fame, ye patriot Fathers,
Enrolled on Glory's page,
Shall live beyond the Pyramid,
And brighten on with age;
The deeds your valor wrought shall be
From sire to son revealed;
Where ye stood—where your blood
Freedom's sacred charter sealed;
Where to Liberty your pledge was given,
And the glorious cause was sealed.

5th. *Bunker-Hill Monument*.—Its proud summit
shall brighten with the morning's first beam, and the
evening's last ray; it shall glow with a still richer
and purer light in speaking their deeds who repose
beneath it.

ODE.—By DR. PERCIVAL.

When our Patriot Fathers met
In the dark and trying hour,
While the hand of Britain yet
Pressed us with its weight of power;
Still they dared to tell the foe,
They were never made for slaves—
Still they bade the nations know,
They were free as ocean's waves.

Yonder is the glorious hill,
Where their blood was nobly shed—
Never with a firmer will
Hearts of freemen beat and bled:
Shall the Son forget his Sire?
No—the admiring world shall see
High a pillar'd tomb aspire,
Like a tower of Liberty.

Now the arch of empire swells
Proud and daring, fixed and strong:
While the hand of ruin falls
Nations, that have flourished long;
Latter the temple springs—
Telling on its front sublime,
How it scorns the rage of kings,
And the wasting tooth of time.

From its high and lifted brow,
See! it sends a wakening light,
Where a world is slumbering now
In the shades of eastern night:
They shall feel the quickening fire—
Rise and run to meet the day,
And their hearts shall never tire,
Till their chains are rent away.

None shall ever rashly dare
Lift his hand against this shrine,
While its pedestal shall bear
Names, so honored and divine;
High above the sacred band,
There in light unfading set,
Like twin stars of glory, stand
WASHINGTON and LAFAYETTE.

6th. *The Survivors of Bunker-Hill Battle*.—The
gloom of that day may dwell on their recollection;
but in the brightness of this, they feel, that they fought
under the auspices of Heaven.

Tune—"Adams & Liberty."

[For the 6th regular toast the following sentiment
was given and cordially received:—]
The Orator of the day.—A statesman and patriot,
who knows no party but his country, who feels no
impulse but her welfare.

7th. *Lexington and Concord*.—There the earnest was
given, that a people, resolved to be free, can never be
enslaved!

Tune—"Old Soldier."

8th. The President of the United States.
"Washington's March."

9th. The Governor of the Commonwealth.
"Gov. Brooks' March."

10th. *The Continental Army*.—Whom victory could
not elate, whom defeat could not depress; their cause
their country; their trust their God!

ODE.—By REV. JOHN PIERCE.

Tune—"Scots wha hae," &c.

"Spread your banner to the sky!
Let the red cross dance on high!
Charge! their unflinching bird will fly
When our trumpets blow.
When they hear our lion roar,
From the ships and from the shore,
Then, my lads, ye'll see no more,
Of your rebel foe!"

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're on fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Lead on rain and iron hail,
Let their welcome be.

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:—
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven's its dews shall shed
On the martyr's patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell."

11th. *The Memory of Washington*.—"Dirge."

12th. *The Continental Congress*.—The embodied wis-
dom of the nation; which wrought the freedom of
one hemisphere, and promulgated the principles
which will emancipate the other.

13th. *The Memory of Warren*.—Associated with
this occasion; his name comes to us "as the gentle
rain from heaven, refreshing the place beneath."

After the regular toasts, the President of the Asso-
ciation said,
He rose to propose a toast, in behalf of the Direc-
tors of the Association. Probably, he was already an-
ticipated, in the name which he should mention. It
was well known, that the distinguished personage
near him, from the time when he first became acquaint-
ed with the object of the Association, had taken
much interest in it, and had expressed an intention
to be present at the ceremony of laying the Corner
Stone. This purpose he had kindly remembered,
through the long course of his visits to the several
States. It was not at all necessary to say—indeed it
could not be said—how much his presence had added
to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. He
should proceed at once to the grateful duty which
the Directors had enjoined on him, and propose to the
company

"Health and long life to Gen. LAFAYETTE."
On which the General rose, and thus expressed
himself:
GENTLEMEN,—I will not longer trespass on your
time than to thank you in the name of my Revolu-

tionary companions in arms and myself for the testi-
monies of esteem and affection, I may say, of filial
affection, which have been bestowed upon us on the
memorable celebration of this Anniversary day; and
to offer our fervent prayers for the preservation of
that Republican freedom, equality, and self-govern-
ment, that blessed union between the States of the
confederacy for which we have fought and bled, and
on which rest the hopes of mankind. Permit me to
propose the following sentiment,—

Bunker-Hill, and the holy resistance to oppression
which has already enfranchised the American hemis-
phere,—the next half Century Jubilee's toast shall be,
—to Enfranchised Europe.

The following toasts were among the volunteers:
By His Excellency the Governor.—That Monument,
the base of which was laid in 1775—the Column of A-
merican fame, which time is strengthening to adamant,
and raising, with the spirit of those who laid it, to
Heaven.

By the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War.—
Bunker Hill—favored spot—consecrated by valor, by
gratitude, and by eloquence.

By the Delegation of the Pilgrim Society.—The arm
raised on this Hill in the cause of human rights and
nobly sustained by the strength of the whole body.

Sent by Hon. Edward Everett.—The Heights of
Charlestown—consecrated by the blood of our fathers—
adorned by the gratitude of their children—May the
Monument stand the comparison, which after-
time will make, between our spirit in commemora-
ting and theirs in achieving.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

London dates to nearly the middle of May,
Paris papers to the 8th, and Smyrna papers to the
1st April, have been received at Boston.

The affairs of the Greeks and Turks con-
tinued to be variously represented. Three
facts appeared to be authenticated:—One, that
the Egyptian Turkish fleet had landed a large
body of men in the Morea, and had sailed for
Prevesa, to bring additional reinforcements.—
Another, that the famous chief, Ulysses, had ac-
tually joined the Turks, and threatened to in-
vade Athens and other places in Attica.—And
the third, that the Greek fleet was at sea, in
search of the Turks.

There were reports, with particulars, that
the Turkish troops had been defeated with great
loss, near Navarin; but they were not official.
The London Courier credited them notwith-
standing.

The Catholic Emancipation bill had passed
the House of Commons by a small majority.—
Its fate in the Lords was uncertain.

The French Prime Minister, VILLELE, had
given an opinion publicly, that it would be im-
moral and impolitic, in France to recognise the
independence of any of the late Spanish pos-
sessions, while a Bourbon remained on the
throne of Spain, or till he assented to the meas-
ure.

French papers to the 14th May, have been
received at New-York, by the packet ship Ed-
ward Bouafie, Capt. Funk, 35 days from Havre.

The Duke of Northumberland had been in-
troduced to the King of France, as minister ex-
traordinary from England.

The Chamber of Deputies has voted one mil-
lion to the colonists of St. Domingo, and the
refugees from St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Canada:
Sir Charles Stuart was still at Lisbon on the
30th of April, but was to sail for Rio Janeiro,
on the 15th of May. The King of Portugal was
travelling in the northern provinces.

A letter from Lisbon states, that an arrange-
ment is nearly completed between Portugal and
Brazil, by which the King will retain the nom-
inal sovereignty of the latter country, and after
his death the two kingdoms be united under
the Emperor. An indemnity of two millions
sterling is also talked of, which Brazil is to pay
out of the English loan.

Thebes and Athens had been relieved from
their apprehensions by the departure of the
2,000 Albanians for Negropont. It appears
that the Turks will not act until the Pacha who
commands in Albania shall be ready to advance
for the Gulf of Lepanto. The Egyptian fleet is
blockaded in the Bay of Modon. The Greeks
have never felt more confidence.

Letters from Constantinople to the 11th of
April, state that the Egyptian expedition against
the Morea had nearly failed. Ibrahim Pacha
had contented himself with waiting between
Coron and Modon for recruits, and neither Ca-
lanata nor Navarin had been captured. Con-
duriotti is commander in chief by land and sea.

The following is from the Augsburg Gaz.:
"The commercial treaty between Russia and
Prussia is definitely concluded. It is said to be
any thing but favorable to the latter Power."

The Tunisian Envoy had been received by
the King upon the Throne. His excellency
was introduced with the usual ceremony, and
offered to his Majesty the presents sent by the
Dey of Tunis, consisting of a rich saddle, many
shawls, napkins embroidered with gold, a beau-
tiful counterpane, and several pair of shoes and
sandals embroidered with gold.

The canopy destined for the coronation, and
which his Majesty presents to the Cathedral of
Rheims, is magnificent in the extreme. It is of
cloth of gold ornamented with bunches of grapes,
ears of corn, oak branches and stems of lilies.
These ornaments, although woven, have the
rich appearance of embroidery. Upon the lat-
eral fronts are embroidered a pelican and a
lamb, and at their extremities the King's cy-
pher surmounted by a crown in diamonds. The
upper part is decorated with a group of angels
supporting a globe, surrounded by a globe and
cross.

N. Y. State.

Advices from India announce the capture of
a ship called the Gen. de Kock, by pirates,
near the island of Borneo, and the deliberate
massacre of the whole ship's crew, after they
had been kept some weeks in captivity.

Advices from South America, mention, that
the last remains of the Spanish army, in Peru,
under OLANETA, had been destroyed by the Pa-
riot Gen. SUAREZ.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

THE SEASON. Throughout this State, the
prospects are unusually flattering. The grass
on every description of land, is uncommonly
abundant. The winter and summer rye, wheat,
barley, &c. are very promising; and the Indian
corn has not for many years been so far advanc-
ed at this season. Green peas are considered
early on the 20th, but this year they have been
gathered on the 12th. Strawberries are 10
days earlier than usual.—*Alfred Star.*

The Commissioners appointed by the Presi-
dent to take evidence in relation to the charges
against Mr. Collector Hill, have given no-
tice, that they will be in session at the Hotel
of Captain Farley, in Bath, for that pur-
pose, on the 12th of July next.—*Bath Gaz.*

Mr. Webster's Bunker Hill Oration was to be
published on Wednesday, 29th inst. Cummings
& Hillard, of Boston, paid 600 dollars for the
manuscript, to the Association.

Provision has been made by the Legislature
for paying the expenses of Lafayette's late visit
to Boston out of the State Treasury: grants
have also been made to the survivors of Bunk-
er-Hill battle who attended the late celebra-
tion, of three dollars each, and one dollar for
every twenty miles travel. The Daily Adver-
tiser states that seventy-five have already ap-
plied for this grant. *Sal. Gaz.*

A 44 gun frigate, of 1600 tons, was launched
at Washington on the 16th inst. President
Adams was launched in her. The National In-
telligencer states that she was named by the
President, *The Brandywine*, in compliment to
Lafayette, who lost his first blood in the Revo-
lutionary war on the Brandywine. The stern
of the ship is formed upon a new model, being
elliptical, and affording some advantages for ac-
tion, it is thought, over the old fashioned square
stern. It is said she is to be equipped to con-
vey General Lafayette to France, and to be
commanded by Commodore Tingey.

Creek Indians.—The following paragraph,
taken from the *Darien (Geo.) Gazette*, of the
10th ult. will enable us to form some idea of
the excitement and spirit which exists among
this people, on account of the late treaty:—
"We are informed that at a late meeting of
the Creeks, they made three irrevocable laws,
viz: That they would not receive one dollar
of the sum stipulated to be paid them by the
late treaty for their land—that they would not
make war upon the whites, nor would they
shed a drop of blood of those who should be
sent to take their land from them—that if they
were turned out of their houses, they would die
at the corner of their fences, to manure the
soil rather than abandon the land of their fore-
fathers."

Distressing Accident.—On Saturday morning
last, at the monument erecting on Stage Island
near the mouth of Saco river, an accident hap-
pened which occasioned the death of one of
the individuals engaged in the building, and
three others narrowly escaped with their lives.
The stone work of which the monument is erect-
ing, gave way from a defect in one part of the
foundation, which precipitated those who were
on a scaffolding from a height of fifty feet and
covered three of them with the falling fragments
of the walls. *William Barber* of Portland,
came upon his feet and escaped with only a slight
contusion over the eye. *Simeon Knight* of Otis-
field and *Jacob Grover* of Bethel, were badly
bruised and wounded, but are doing well and
likely to recover. Captain *John Lowell* of Port-
land, one of the contractors, was killed on the
spot. His remains were interred in this town
on Sunday last, under Masonic honors, and at-
tended by the Mechanic Association, of which
he was a member, deeply lamented as a man of
worth and usefulness.—*Portland Ad.*

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.—During the severe
thunder storm on Saturday, 18th inst. the dwel-
ling-house of Enoch Kent, Esq. in Panton, Vt.
was struck with lightning, and Miss Eliza, his daugh-
ter, suddenly killed. A few moments previous
to the shock, she repaired to her chamber,
where the fluid passed down the chimney near
which she was sitting, struck her upon the neck,
and instantly terminated her existence. She
was in the 17th year of her age. Thus, in a
moment, the bloom and beauty of youth be-
came a lifeless remnant of mortality.—*V. Aurora.*

The dwelling-house of Mr. Reuben Went-
worth, in Sudbury, Vt. was struck by lightning
on Sunday 19th inst. and Mr. Sanford Wentworth,
aged about 21 years, was instantly killed.
In Warwick, R. I. on Sunday, 19th inst. a
house occupied by Mr. Thomas Rice and Mr.
Daniel Wheelock was struck by lightning. The
only son of Mr. Rice, a promising lad of about
14 years of age, was instantly killed. He went
into the garret for the purpose of closing a win-
dow; in two or three minutes after his father
went up and found him lying near the chimney
a lifeless corpse.

Miss Eliza Hatch, aged 13 years, was instan-
tly killed by lightning, in Lebanon, Conn. on Sun-
day 19th inst.
Miss Lydia Lawrence, late of Ashby, was killed
by lightning at Pepperel on the 11th inst.

One night last week, during the absence of
Mrs. Mitchell, of Kittery-Point, her house was
entered through the cellar, and some money,
linen, &c. stolen. The tea-kettle was found
to contain arsenic, which was discovered by
the paper which held it clogging the nose.—
P. Journal.

A sharp newspaper war is carrying on in
Washington, between the Secretary of the Na-
vy, and Com. PORTER.

FIRE IN GORHAM. On Thursday evening last
between the hours of eleven and twelve, the
valuable dwelling house, stable, shed, and out-
buildings in Gorham, belonging to Dr. Dudley
Folsom, were consumed by fire. It broke out
about middle way of the shed, connecting the
house and stable, and the flames spread so rap-
idly, that in less than thirty minutes, the whole
range of buildings, exhibited one entire scene
of conflagration. But a small part of the fur-
niture and none of the clothing was saved, the
family barely escaping with their lives. Thus
in a moment, as it were, this respectable and
worthy family have been thrown from a shel-
ter, rendered destitute even of a change of
raiment, and have lost, we may say, their all.
The generous sympathies of the community, at
home and abroad, will no doubt be excited, and
their liberal hands extended to repair in some
degree this severe loss: and once more render
comfortable, a distressed and deserving family.
Loss of property estimated \$3000.—*Eus. Argus.*

EXECUTIVE APPOINTMENT.

For the County of Oxford.—Stephen Chase,
Fryeburg, Associate Justice of the Court of
Sessions.

The Council adjourned on Saturday, to meet
again on the 4th of October.

At a late term of the Court of Common Pleas
in this County, DAVID R. STRAW was admitted
to practice as an Attorney in said Court.

Gen. LAFAYETTE arrived in Portland, on Sat-
urday last; and left there for Vermont, on Sun-
day morning.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATORS.

MAINE.—Portland, Albert H. Kelly; Hallowell,
Geo. W. Bachelder; Brunswick, Charles Packard;
New-Gloucester, John S. Megquier; Lincolnville, Wil-
liam J. Farley; Alfred, John Appleton.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, Charles Sprague; Sa-
lem, Theodore Eames; Lexington, Caleb Stetson;
Dudley, William Lincoln; Mendon, Charles C. P.
Hastings; Worcester, Rev. Mr. Holman; Wilbra-
ham, Rev. John Foster.

VERMONT.—Fergusen, Rollin C. Mallary; Rutland;
Rev. Mr. Barlow.

The anniversary of American Independence is to
be celebrated in Concord, N. H. the present year
with appropriate religious exercises. Rev. Mr.
Bouton is to deliver a discourse on the occasion, at
the close of which, a collection is to be taken to aid
the funds of the *American Colonization Society*.

To Correspondents. "K's" lines on the "Sorrow of
Man," are received. They shall appear in our next.

MARRIED.

In Bangor, John Ruggles, Esq. of Thomaston,
Speaker of the House of Representatives of this State
at their last session, to Miss Margaret George.

DIED.

In Uxbridge, on the 3th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Rist,
aged 78.

At Rome, aged about 46, the Princess Borghese, the
favorite sister of the late Napoleon Bonaparte.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the
Hon. Benjamin Chandler, Esq. Judge of Pro-
bate, of wills for the County of Oxford; to receive and
examine the claims of creditors to the estate of DAN-
IEL BISBEE, late of Sumner, in said county, deceas-
ed, represented insolvent, do hereby give Notice,
that six months are allowed from the fourth day
of June instant, to bring and prove their claims, and
that they will attend that service at the dwelling
house of Simeon Barrett, Jr. in Sumner, on the second
Saturday in August next; the second Saturday in Sep-
tember next, and the second Saturday in October next,
at one of the clock in the afternoon of each of those days.

SIMEON BARRETT, Jr. } Commissioners.

TIMOTHY COBB, }
Sumner, June 23, 1825. 3w 52

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Sumner.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident pro-
prietors and owners of the following lots or
parcels of Land, lying in Sumner, in the County of
Oxford, and State of Maine, that they are taxed in
the bills committed to me, the subscriber, to collect
for the year 1824, viz:

Owner's Name.	No. Lots.	Range.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Dep. highest tax.
Unknown,	2	20	40	36		
Unknown,	5	68	145	131		
Unknown,	3	100	257	232		
Warner, South half,	12	5	68	174	157	
Jos. Crockett, W. End,	7	4	49	170		63
Joseph Barrett, S. half,	9	4	80	325	302	

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening
charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before
Saturday, the thirtieth day of July next, at ten of the
clock in the forenoon, so much of said land will then
be sold at Public Vendue to the highest bidder, at
Smith's Store, in said Sumner, as will discharge the
same.
Collector of Sumner for 1824.
Sumner, June 30, 1825. 62

STRAYED

FROM the subscriber, in Hartford, on the 20th
instant, a red-grey four year old HORSE, with
white hind feet—a snug made, high spirited Horse.
Whoever will give information of the same, shall be
generously compensated.
Hartford, June 22, 1825. STEPHEN IRISH. 62*

LOTTERY NOTICE.

THE Managers of the CUMBERLAND AND
OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY, have given
notice that the drawing of the third Class of the ex-
periments Scheme will take place in Portland, on
the 30th of July next. Persons wishing for TICKETS
in the above Lottery, may be supplied, either by let-
ter, post-paid, enclosing cash, or personal application
at the Oxford Bookstore. Present price of Tickets—
Wholes \$150; Quarters \$125; Eighths 62 1-2 cents,
and Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents.

FOR SALE by ASA BARTON, Agent, a few bush-
els of good WHEAT, at 6s. per bushel, and
RYE at 3s. 6d. if applied for soon. Also, a few
good RAKES, at 20 cents.

POETRY.

From the United States Literary Gazette.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly:
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

See how they come, a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As idle should I weep at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I forego the hopes that glow
In prospect, like Elysian isles?
And let the charming future go,
With all her promises and smiles.

The future—cruel were the power
Whose doom would tear thee from my heart.
Thou sweetener of the present hour!
We cannot—no—we will not part.

Oh, leave me, still, the rapid flight
That makes the changing seasons gay,
The grateful speed that brings the night,
The swift and glad return of day;

The months that touch with lovelier grace
This little prattler at my knee,
In whose arch eye and speaking face
New meaning every hour I see;

The years that o'er each sister land
Shall lift the country of my birth,
And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
The pride and pattern of the earth;

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
Shall cling about her ample robe,
And, from her frown, shall shrink, afraid,
The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will sear and blanch my brow—
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie,
Upon my head, when I am grey,
Love yet may search my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast;
Thy pleasures stay not till they fall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest, and bearst away our woes;
And, as thy shadowy train departs,
The memory of sorrow grows
A lighter burden on the heart.

From the London New-Monthly Magazine.

THIS IS LOVE.

To sigh for hours at Beauty's feet,
To start when rival steps draw near,
With ardent warmth her glance to meet,
And pour soft flatteries in her ear;
To kneel, till won by fairer forms
And brighter eyes, and then forsake,
And while new hope, new fancy warms,
To leave her trusting heart to break;
This passion haunts our earthly span,
This is the wavering love of Man!

To seek one form in early youth,
To court no gaze, no vow beside,
To hold through life an holy truth,
Which firmest proves when deepest tried,
And like the diamond's sparkling light
Can hall and palace illumine,
Yet shines more cheering and more bright
In scenes of darkness and of gloom;
This faith descends from realms above,
This is the woman's changeless love!

VARIETY.

From the National Journal.

FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL VICTORY.

Whilst we see the monarchs of the Old World receiving the adulation of their subjects; the birth of princes celebrated; and deeds in arms remembered by a manifestation of the pleasing recollections they bring with them on the return of the day upon which they were achieved, it is a matter of surprise to me that the anniversary of a day which surely merits a place in the calendar of our festivals, should be suffered to pass unnoticed, and without the least evidence of those feelings which should animate the bosom of every son of freedom at its dawn.

I would not be understood as inculcating the doctrine of an unconditional imitation of foreign customs or of foreign manners. But this is a good practice, and worthy of imitation: It has been since the world commenced, and is by no means novel in our country.

We remember with the warmest gratitude the morning that announced the birth of our immortal Washington: We celebrate in triumph the return of the day upon which we were declared free and independent; and we commemorate the anniversary of most of the important events in the history of our country. Yet who recollects (as they should) the 11th of May, 1775; now half a century has rolled away! Who commemorates the day upon which the sloop of war *Margaretta* was captured? That is a day which should not be permitted to pass by, like the flitting vapour of a summer's eve. 'Tis remembered by our parent country with deep mortification and chagrin; and we should remember it as the birth-day of our then unborn Navy, whose prowess is now acknowledged on every sea, and in every clime.

It was on the 11th of May, 1775,* that Joseph Whetton and Dennis O'Brien, with two other young men, took forcible possession of a small lumber sloop lying in the stream, and brought her along side of the wharf at Machias. They beat up for volunteers, and were soon joined by about twenty others, armed with fowling pieces, pitch forks, narrow axes, &c. They immediately set sail in pursuit of the *Margaretta*, and after a chase of a few hours overtook her. A battle ensued, in which many fell on

* For a full and animated account of this battle, see *Naval Chronicle* for 1821, page 25.

both sides. Her Captain was killed and the *Margaretta* captured. She mounted ten six pound cannons, and twenty swivels, with a full crew of sailors and marines, and an abundant supply of munitions of war. This was our first attempt by sea, and it was the first victory that graced the now crowded wreath of our Navy's fame. It was the first effectual effort that was made in vindication of those rights, so sacred to man, and which are coeval with his existence. It was, in fact, the scintillating germ of *Liberty*, which has since evolved its real lustre, and radiated its noble spirit as far as civilized man extends, even to the very thrones of tyrants. Should we not then regard it as the dawn of freedom to our country, and of the happiness we now enjoy? And ought we not on the return of its anniversary celebrate it in commemoration of those daring spirits who achieved it?

Had it not been for their unobtrusive modesty, their fame would not have been circumscribed to a spot, whose name is guiled only by their deeds. We ought therefore to remove the pall that lowers o'er their merits, and suffer fame to register them in her temple according to their valor and their deeds.

The following account of the weight of several officers of the American Revolution was found in a Memorandum of the late General Swift. It appears they were weighed in the Scales at West Point, (N. Y.)

Gen. Washington, 209 lbs.; Gen. Lincoln, 224; Gen. Knox, 280; Gen. Huntington, 182; Gen. Greaton, 166; Col. Swift, 219; Col. Michael Jackson, 252; Col. Henry Jackson, 238; Lieut. Col. Huntington, 212; Lieut. Col. Cobb, 182; Lieut. Col. Humphrey, 221. Average weight 214 lbs.

The following Anecdote, illustrating the absurdities of Anglo-German Dictionaries, is related on the authority of Mr. Coleridge:

"About the year 1794, a German, recently imported into Bristol, had happened to hear of Mrs. X. a wealthy widow. He thought it would be a good speculation, to offer himself to the lady's notice, as well qualified to succeed the late Mr. X.; and accordingly waited on the lady with that intention. Having no great familiarity with English, he provided himself with a copy of one of the dictionaries I have mentioned, and on being introduced to the lady, he determined to open his proposal with this introductory sentence—'Madam, having heard that Mr. X. late your husband is dead; but coming to the last word, 'gestorben' (dead), he was at a loss for the English equivalent; so he pulled out his dictionary (a huge 8 vo.) he turned to the word 'sterben' to die—and there he found —; but what he found will be best collected from the dialogue which followed, as reported by the lady:—

"German. Madam, having heard that Mein Herr X. late your man, is — (these words he kept chiming over, as if to himself, until he arrived at No. 1 of the interpretations of 'sterben,' when he roared out, in high glee at his discovery) — is, dat is—has kicked de bucket!

"Widow. (With astonishment.) "Kicked the bucket," Sir!—what?

"German. Ah! mein Gott! Always Ich make a mistake; I would haaf said—(beginning again with the same solemnity of tone)—since dat Mein Herr X. late your man haaf—hopped de twig—(which words he screamed out with delight, certain that he had now hit the nail upon the head.)

"Widow. Upon my word, Sir, I am at loss to understand you, 'kicked the bucket,' and 'hopped the twig'!!

"German. (Perspiring with panic.) Ah, Madam! von—two—three—ten thousand pardon: dat sad, wicker dictionary I haaf, dat always bring me in trouble; but now you shall hear—(and then, recomposing himself solemnly for a third effort, he began as before)—Madam, since I did hear, or wash hearing, that Mein Herr X. late your man, haaf—(with a triumphant shout)—haaf, I say gone to Davy's locker!!!

"Further he would have gone; but the Widow could stand no more."

Sudden Snaps.—A few days before the death of Dr. Fothergill, a gentleman much addicted to the bottle, and possessed of few virtues, applied to him for advice. Being introduced, the doctor, who had some knowledge of his person, which, however, he chose to conceal, inquiring what was his ailment, to which the other replied, he was well in health, ate well, drank well, and slept well, but wished to know how he might guard against sudden snaps. The venerable physician gave a prescription for his complaint, in the following deserved reproof: "Do justice, love mercy, walk humbly before God, and do not snap the bottle too often."

A young Quaker from a distant country came to London a few years ago, and being struck with the gaudy fashions of the times, commenced beau.—Among other articles of dress, he ordered a blue satin waistcoat, trimmed with silver, and in this returned to his father, who, after staring at him, said, "How didst thou get this trumpery waistcoat, for the vain adornment of thy outward man?" "I created it," said the son. "Created it," echoed the father. "Yes," replied young Aminidab, "for I said, let it be made, and it was made."

For improving Coffee.—To valetudinarious and others the following method of making coffee for breakfast is recommended.

Let an ounce of fresh ground coffee be put into a clean coffee pot, or other vessel well tinned; pour a pint and a quarter of boiling water upon it, set it on the fire, let it boil thoroughly, and afterwards put it by to settle. This should be done the night before you wish to use it, and on the following morning pour off the clear liquor; add to it one pint of clear milk; set it again over the fire, but do not let it boil. Sweetened to every person's taste, coffee thus made is a most wholesome and agreeable breakfast, summer or winter, with toasted bread and butter, rusk, biscuits, &c. This process takes off that raw acidulous and astringent quality of the coffee, which makes it often disagree with weak stomachs. It should not be drunk too warm.

Pickles.—Keeping pickles or preserves in common earthen or pottery ware, is said to be dangerous to the health, on account of such vessels being glazed with lead of a poisonous nature, which all acids will corrode or dissolve. The smaller the vessels for pickling the better.

To take mites out of Linen.—Take soap, and rub it well; then scrape fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out at twice doing.

STATE OF MAINE.

House of Representatives,

Feb. 7, 1825.

The committee to whom was referred a bill entitled "an Act respecting the conveyance of heavy loads on wheel Carriages, to and from the town of Portland," Report the same as taken in a new draft to be published three weeks at least, in all the newspapers, printed in the State, the last publication to be three months before the session of the next Legislature, and that the further consideration of this subject be referred to the next Legislature.

WILLIAM VANCE.

Read and accepted.

Sent up for concurrence,

JOHN RUGGLES, Speaker.

Senate, February 12, 1825.

Read and concurred,

JONAS WHEELER, President.

(NEW DRAFT.)

STATE OF MAINE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.

AN ACT for the preservation of Highways.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, That after the first day of May which will be in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, resident within this State, to transport or convey over or upon any public highway, in any cart, wagon, or other vehicle upon wheels, any load weighing more than one ton, unless each of the rims of the wheels of such cart, wagon, or vehicle shall be of the width of seven inches at least; and if any person shall offend against the provision of this act, he shall forfeit the sum of five dollars for each and every offence, to the use of the town in which such load may be so conveyed and drawn, to be sued for and recovered in an action of debt by the Treasurer of such town, before any Justice of the Peace not an inhabitant of the town to whose use such forfeitures accrue.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Plant'n. No. 3.

NOTICE is hereby given to non-resident Proprietors and owners of the following lots of Land, in Plantation No. 8, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that they are taxed in bills committed to me to collect for the years 1823 and 1824:

Owner's Name.	No. Lot.	Acres.	Value.	Delinquent Highways tax for 1823 and 1824.	Sum and total.
Wm. Scollay,	4	11	100	30 96	54
	4	12	100	30 96	54
	9	15	100	30 96	54
	9	16	100	30 96	54
	9	19	100	30 96	54
Wm. Sawin,	6	20	100	30 96	54
	6	1	100	35 00	34
	6	3	100	60 00	1 15
	10	13	100	10 00	10
	4	17	100	10 00	10
	4	17	100	25 00	52
John Gould,	12	16	100	75 00	1 34
					1 67

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before *Thursday, the twenty-first day of July next*, so much of said land will be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder, as will discharge the same, at the house of the subscriber, in said Plantation, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

ABRAHAM REED,
Collector of taxes, in said Plantation.
Plantation No. 8, June 13, 1825. 50

GUARDIAN'S SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, at the Court House, in Paris, in the County of Oxford, on *Saturday the 23d day of July next*, at three of the clock in the afternoon, by license from the Judge of Probate for said County, all the right, title and interest of *Joseph Willis and Simeon Willis*, minor children of *SETH WILLIS*, late of Paris, deceased, to one sixth part of the real estate which was formerly occupied by *Nathaniel Willis*, as heir to his late father, *John Willis*, as will produce the sum of ninety dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said minors and the incidental charges.

JOHN DANIELS, Jr. Guardian.
Paris, June 15, 1825.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having agreed with the Overseers of the Poor for the support of *BURRY COLBY*—this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on any account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date, as she has absconded from the town of Rumford.

JOSEPH BERRY.
Rumford, June 14, 1825. 51*

CUMBERLAND AND OXFORD

CANAL LOTTERY.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

Expenditure Class No. 3.

\$10,000 Highest Prize.

SCHEME.

1 PRIZE	of \$10,000 is	\$10,000
1 PRIZE	of 3,000 is	3,000
2 PRIZES	of 1,000 is	2,000
2 PRIZES	of 500 is	1,000
5 PRIZES	of 200 is	1,000
16 PRIZES	of 100 is	1,600
20 PRIZES	of 50 is	1,000
50 PRIZES	of 20 is	1,000
177 PRIZES	of 10 is	1,770
2726 PRIZES	of 5 is	13,630
3,000		36,000

TICKETS and PARTS in the above Lottery, in a great variety of numbers, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

Present price—Wholes \$1 50, Halves \$2 37 1-2, Quarters \$1 25, Eighths \$2 1-2 cents, Sixteenths 37 1-2 cents. June 16, 1825.

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEEVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Lancaster, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Portland, Feb. 13.—U 34

SPECTACLES.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, a good assortment of SPECTACLES.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

CYRIL SMITH and UXOR, administrators on the estate of *AMOS THOMAS*, late of Dixfield, deceased, having presented their fifth account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Dixfield, in said County, on the fourteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

JONATHAN FRYE, administrator on the estate of *JAMES FRYE*, late of Sumner, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

JOSHUA WHITMAN, administrator on the estate of *SAMUEL GORHAM*, late of Turner, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of August next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 51

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

SYLVESTER JONES, of Turner, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of *SYLVESTER JONES*, late of Turner, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Turner, in said County, on the sixteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 51*

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five:

BETSEY TILTON, of Livermore, named executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of *WARD TILTON*, late of Livermore, in said county, yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—That the said Betsey Tilton give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Livermore, in said County, on the fifteenth day of September next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 51*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of *ISAAC BOLSTER*, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, gentleman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

DAVID BOLSTER.
Paris, June 14, 1825. 51*

THE subscribers hereby give public notice to all concerned, that they have been duly appointed and taken upon themselves the trust of Executors of the last Will and Testament of *LEVI MERRILL*, late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—They therefore request all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

NATHANIEL ROBINSON,
AARON SOULE.
Turner, June 14, 1825. 50

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of *RICHARD MERRITT*, late of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

MOSES STONE.
Paris, June 15, 1825. 50

JUST RECEIVED.

AND for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Thatcher's Journal of the American Revolution; Morse's Annals of the Revolution; Life of James Otis; Everett's View of Europe; Bancroft's Greece; Elements of Drawing, &c. Also—An excellent stereotype edition of the New Testament, for schools; Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Books, &c. Paris, June 16.

VOLUME II.]

UNION

Religion! In
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Descending from
Here abject m
She comes to
Invite earth's
Direct the path
To fairer world

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Thomas Jeff

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